# FAIR LADIES WHO KNOW THE MYSTERIES OF BANJO MUSIC.

## JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S DESCRIPTION OF THE INSTRUMENT AND ITS QUALITIES.


WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

The season which is just nearing an end has been unusually active in the banjo and mandolin world; especially the banjo, which has been laid aside for a year or two, is restored to its popularity among society folk.

In college circles the banjo, mandolin and guitar have always been social factors. Clubs devoting themselves to the practice of these instruments have been in vogue for the last twenty years, and at the leading universities of the country a fellow is as proud to be a master of the banjo as an expert on the gridiron or in the shell.

St. Louis has always had its quota of banjo amateurs, male and female, in society; nor is the banjo far from being a favorite with those who are most highly cultivated in music. The best amateur pianists, violinists and singers delight in picking the banjo strings to get sweet jingle out of this popular instrument.

Julian Hawthorne, the novelist, in referring to the banjo in one of his popular works, speaks of it as: "An instrument which has been much misrepresented and mismade, as well as misused. There are nasal, metallic banjos, which are as exasperating as vulgar talkers. You can hear them a mile off, and the farther off the better. There are banjos which are mumbling and demoralizing. But there are such things as good banjos, and the only instrument (made with hands) that equals a good banjo is a good violin; but the violin must be heard alone, whereas a banjo is best when married to a sympathetic human voice.

"Its strings seem to be the very chords of being; their music is so near to life that they seem to vibrate from the emotions of the player. The sounds are mellow; in their essence they are pathetic, though they can [illegible] a humorous cheerfulness, as one laughs with a sorrow at the heart. It is the music of nature, ordered and humanized. No charlatan or coarse-minded person can play on such a banjo; it is a fatal revealer of character. Passionate and gentle natures use the instrument best, and men oftener than women."

Mr. Hawthorne comes very near the truth when he says that more men favor the banjo than women, but it is with the St. Louis society girl lover of the banjo that The Sunday Republic deals to-day.

The champion par excellence of banjo music in this city is Miss Adele Lois Pollock, who never misses an opportunity to defend her favorite instrument when its effectiveness and merit are attacked. Miss Pollock is an expert horsewoman, as well as a most proficient musician.

Handy with the banjo are the Misses Queen and Elma Rumsey, Hattie Ringen, Annie Lee Pickel, Kitty White, Roberta McCullough, Mrs. George Judd Tansey (Grace Fisher), Katheryn Roth, Mabel Holmes, Myrle Kauffman, Grace Morrill, Stella Swift, Mrs. Warren McElroy (Stella Brown), Grace Niggeman, Mrs. Robert Mudd (Elizabeth Garth), Mrs. S. L. Swarts (Florence Eiseman), Maude Neidringhaus, Mrs. Charles Mulliken (Sallie O'Fallon), Jane Fordyce, Katheryn Roland and Mrs. Albert Bond Lambert (Myrtle McGrew).

In gay Paris, where Mrs. Lambert is now sojourning, she is not only a society favorite on account of her beauty and winsomeness, but her deftness with the banjo is greatly admired by a circle of Americans and French who gather at her husband's house.

A round feminine arm and a pretty hand are as gracefully displayed while picking the strings of the banjo as those of the harp, both musical instruments of ancient lineage. The banjo in prototypical form was the favorite instrument of the patrician youth of Rome. From there it was carried into Africa by the Roman invaders, and the forefathers of the American negro adopted it as their musical instrument.

Then it suited the nimble-handed cotton laborers of the South to enliven their dances and barbecues with banjo music, and at last the instrument passed into dainty hands of society women and the beaux who sit at their feet to regale them with jingle and chime.

# JOHN PAUL (JONES)--THE ORIGIN OF THE NAME.

## How the Story Is Told in "Richard Carvel."

WRITTEN FOR THE SUNDAY REPUBLIC.

John Paul Jones is one of the prominent characters in that interesting novel of the revolutionary period, "Richard Carvel." When young Carvel was rescued from the murderous crew who had been hired to make away with him the commander of a good Samaritan of a vessel was a clever young Scotchman, one John Paul.

Readers of "Richard Carvel" will remember that John Paul and Richard had some adventures in England, and that when Richard returned to America shortly before the Revolution he had lost sight of his former comrade. When he did come upon the valiant seaman it was to find that he was now John Paul Jones.

Mr. Winston Churchill, the author of "Richard Carvel," took great pains in writing his historical novel, and his account of how and why John Paul added the Jones to his name is taken from the best authorities. Unfortunately the personality of the great Scotchman who did so much for American independence is not well known to all Americans. The story of his life, as we know it, has many gaps. It is bare of personal details. In many ways his name and his fame have been neglected. It will be recalled that Paul Jones was buried in France, and that his grave is unknown to-day. He died poor. America has not always been grateful to the most worthy.

The wide popularity of Richard Carvel has familiarized readers with the doings of Paul Jones. He is not only a hero in this novel, but he is represented to be a most lovable and admirable character.

Why John Paul added the Jones to his name has been much discussed of late. Mrs. A. I. Robertson, a great-great-granddaughter of General Allen Jones, who was a distinguished citizen of North Carolina at the time of the Revolution, published not long since an account of John Paul's friendship with Allen and Willie Jones.

Her article says, in part: "Even the fact that Paul Jones immortalized a name which was his only by adoption is slurred over in history with the statement that 'he changed his name for unknown reasons.'

"The outline of his life is briefly told. John Paul, the son of a gardener, was born July 6, 1747, at Arbingland, Scotland. At the age of 12 years he went to sea. In 1773 the death of his brother in Virginia, whose heir he was, induced him to settle in America. It was then he added to his name and thenceforth was known as 'Paul Jones.' This was done in compliment to one of the noted statesmen of that day, and in love and gratitude it shadows forth a scathing reproach and a touching example to a people who could neglect in life and forget in death.

"It appears that before permanently settling in Virginia, moved by the restlessness of his old seafaring life, he wandered about the country, finally straying to North Carolina. There he became acquainted with two brothers, Willie and Allen Jones. They were both leaders in their day, and wise and honored in their generation. Allen Jones was an orator and silver-tongued; Willie Jones was the foremost man of his State.

"The home of the latter, 'The Grove' near Halifax, was not only the resort of the cultivated, but the home of the homeless, Mrs. Jones having sometimes twenty orphan girls under her charge. It was here that the young adventurer, John Paul, was first touched by those gentler influences which changed not only his name, but himself, from the rough and reckless mariner into the polished man of society, who was the companion of Kings and the lion and pet of Parisian salons. The almost worshiping love and reverence awakened in his nature by the general kindness of the brothers found expression in his adoption of their name.

"The truth of this account is not only attested by the descendants of Willie Jones, but by the nephew and representative of Paul Jones, Mr. Lowden of Charleston, S. C. In 1846 this gentleman was in Washington awaiting the passage of a bill by Congress, awarding him the land claim of his uncle, Paul Jones, which had been allowed by the executive of Virginia, Mr. E. W. Hubard, then a member of Congress from Virginia, had, in 1844, prepared a report on Virginia land claims, in which the committee indorsed that of Paul Jones. This naturally attracted Mr. Lowden to him, and, learning that Mrs. Hubard was a descendant of Willie Jones, he repeated to both Mr. Hubard and herself the cause of his uncle's change of name, and added that amongst his pictures hung a portrait of Allen Jones."

Here is Mr. Churchill's account of the meeting in Annapolis of the two friends—Richard Carvel and Paul Jones. Young Carvel was riding through the town when he was stopped by the landlord of the principal inn, Mr. Claude.

"'Why, Mr. Carvel,' says he, 'I thought you on the Eastern shore. There is a gentleman within will be mighty tickled to see you, or else his protestation are lies, which they may very well be. His name? Now, 'pon my faith, it was Jones—no more.'

"'What appearance does the man make?' I demanded.

"'Merciful gad!' mine host exclaimed; 'once seen, never forgotten, and once heard, never forgotten. He quotes me Thomson, and he tells me of his estate in Virginia.'

"'Then he appears to be a landowner?' said I.

"'Odsi! Riest if I know what he is,' says Mr. Claude. 'He may be anything, an impostor or a high-mightiness. But he's something to strike the eye and hold it, for all his Quaker clothes. He is swarth and thickset, and some five feet eight inches—full six inches under your own height. And he comes asking for you as if you owned the town between you. "Send a fellow to Marlboro' street for Mr. Richard Carvel, my good host?" says he, with a snap of his fingers. And when I tell him the news of you he is prodigiously affected and cries—but here's my gentleman now!'

"I jerked my head around. Coming down the steps! beheld my old friend and benefactor, Captain John Paul.

"'Ahoy, ahoy,' cries he. 'Now heaven be praised, I have found you at last.'

"Out of the saddle I leaped, and straight into his arms.

"'Hold, hold, Richard!' he gasped. 'My ribs, man! Leave me some breath that I may tell you how glad I am to see you.'

"'Mr. Jones,' I said, holding him out, 'now where the devil got you that?'

"'Why, I am become a gentleman since I saw you,' he answered, smiling. 'My poor brother left me his estate in Virginia. And a gentleman must have three names at the least.'

"'But Jones!' I cried. 'Ad's heart! could you go no higher? Has your imagination left you, Captain?'

"'Republican simplicity, sir,' says he, looking a trifle hurt. But I laughed the more.

"'Well, you have contrived to mix oil and vinegar,' said I. 'A landed gentleman and Republican simplicity. I'll warrant you wear silk-knit under that gray homespun, and have a cameo in your pocket.'

"He shook his head, looking up at me with affection.

"'You might have guessed better,' he answered.

"'Come,' I said, 'you have not dined, and neither have I. We shall be merry to-day, and you shall have some of the best Madeira in the Colonies.' I commanded a room, that we might have privacy. As he took his seat opposite me I marked that he had grown heavier and more browned. But his eye had the same unfathomable mystery in it as of yore. And first I upbraided him for not having writ me.

"'I took you for one who glories in correspondence, Captain,' said I; 'and I did not think you could be so unfaithful. I directed twice to you in Mr. Orchardson's care.'

"'Orchardson died before I had made one voyage,' he replied, 'and the Betsy changed owners. But I did not forget you, Richard, and was resolved not to leave Maryland until I had seen you. But I burn to hear of you,' he added. 'I have had an inkling of your story from the landlord.'

"He listened to my narrative keenly, but with many interruptions. And when I was done, he sighed.

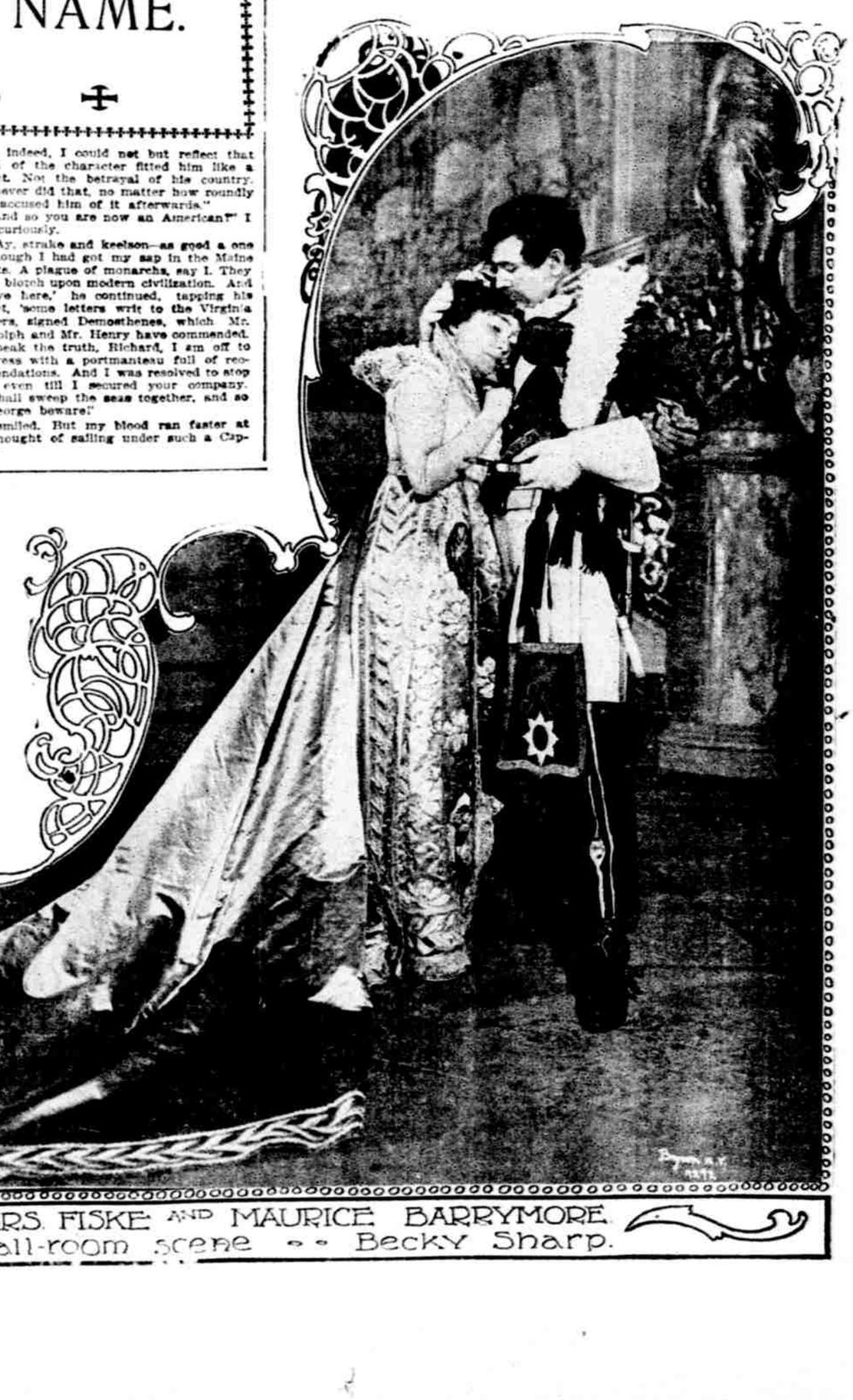
"'You are always finding friends, Richard,' said he; 'no matter what your misfortunes, they are ever double discounted. As for me, I am like Pulmer in Mr. Cumberland's "West Indian": "I have beat through every quarter of the compass; I have bellowed for freedom; I have offered to serve my country; I have——" I am engnaging to betray it. No, Scotland is no longer my country, and so I cannot defy her. It is she who has betrayed me.'

"He fell into a short mood of dejection. And, indeed, I could not but reflect that much of the character fitted him like a jacket. Not the betrayal of his country. He never did that, no matter how roundly they accused him of it afterwards."

"'And so you are now an American?' I said curiously.

"'Ay, strake and keelson—as good a one as though I had got my sap in the Maine forests. A plague of monarchs, say I. They are a blotch upon modern civilization. And I have here,' he continued, tapping his pocket, 'some letters writ to the Virginia printers, signed Demosthenes, which Mr. Randolph and Mr. Henry have commended. To speak the truth, Richard, I am off to Congress with a portmanteau full of recommendations. And I was resolved to stop here, even till I secured your company. We shall sweep the seas together, and so let George beware!'

"I smiled. But my blood ran faster at the thought of sailing under such a Captain."




# WHY THEY WORE OLD CLOTHES.

## Kansas Girls Have a Plan to Get to the Paris Exposition.

Special Correspondence of The Sunday Republic.

Wichita, Kas., March 11.—A number of pretty Kansas girls from Reno County, Kansas, will visit the Paris Exposition this summer and they will not have to call on anyone but themselves for the necessary money, either. These four dozen girls comprise what is known as the "Paris Exposition Club" and their scheme for raising money to make the trip was unique, to say the least. It was devised by pretty Mamie Davis, who was chosen president of the organization.

One day in May two years ago Mamie called a convention of her girl chums at the little town of Reno on the prairies of Western Kansas.

"Girls, we must go to the Paris Exposition, and I have a plan to save money. We don't need a new dress every few weeks because our dresses wear out; it is just a change. Now let us change dresses with each other and save this 'dress' money our folks give us and put it into a common fund to spend on a trip to Paris."

The girls, after much discussion, decided that they would all join the club, but that the whole scheme was to be kept a profound secret. And so the club was formed. The girls called upon their parents for the necessary funds to buy clothes just the same, but they never bought anything, but changed with their friends instead. Each girl saved on an average of $5 a month, because all had been good dressers before. In this way they have saved about $50 each, which they consider necessary to give them a good trip and an enjoyable one.

There has only been one thing to mar the entire success of the club and that was the marriage of Sadie Thomas, one of the members, but that has turned out satisfactorily, because her husband has agreed to take his wife and chaperone the crowd.

MISS MAMIE DAVIS,
President of the Club.